

MISCELLANY.

The Baby.
TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH.
Down beside the gentle river
Where the lovely aspens quiver,
And the comely willows shiver,
Darling baby plays;
Zephyrs kiss the cheeks of baby,
Birds enchant the ears of baby;
Angels joyful gather, may be,
Where the baby strays.
Flowers of beauty there are seeming
With new sweetness to beaming,
Like the face of cherub dreaming,
Baby's face appears;
Baby's laugh, like silver, tinkles,
And the echo with it mingles,
The dual music nicely tinkles
On the fairies' cars.
Baby holds a tiny bramble,
Round the baby lambkins gambol;
With its infant spirits ramble,
Straying where it strays.
Lol the wood-nymph yonder sleeping,
Round her ivy leaves are creeping;
No—her charming eyes are keeping
Watch o'er baby's ways.
God's alone are here beholding
Baby's mother now unfolding,
Graciously—nature's molding—
Art compelling praise;
Forth she comes thro' flowering bushes;
In the sparkling water rushes;
Naiads admiring, watch her blushes,
Far from human gaze.
Horror! see the flood is seeking
To prevent her now from speaking!
Yet how wildly is she shrieking,
While her child's in view—
While of death she's sadly thinking,
While the fatal fluid she's drinking,
While her lovely body's sinking,
"Willie, babe, adieu!"
Willie, you have lost your mother,
Never can you find another;
She had loved you like no other,
Yet you laugh away;
Night is coming—see it yonder;
Where will little baby wander?
On the thought what heart can ponder?
Let a mother say.
[New York News.]

THE DUTCHMAN'S LUCK.

During the winter of 186—, business called me to D—, a small, obscure village in the interior of Pennsylvania.
It was rather late in the evening when I arrived there, cold and hungry, for a tremendous snow-storm was raging at the time; and as I had traveled far that day, it is no wonder that it was with feelings very near akin to satisfaction that I hailed the appearance of the village inn, a small, two-story frame building, which loomed up in the darkness before me. A bright log-fire was blazing on the hearth when I entered, before which I was soon comfortably seated, with a glass of "something warm" in my hand, awaiting the preparation of the supper I had ordered.
The landlord of the "Beehive" (for such was the name of the inn) was a bustling, good-humored sort of a fellow, whose greatest delight seemed to consist in making his guests as comfortable as possible.
Before a small table were seated three men, whose appearance indicated them to be farmers. One of them was a small, rosy-cheeked man, chock-full of fun and good-nature; as his dancing eyes and smiling face sufficiently testified, while his broken English proved him to be a Dutchman.
"Vell, neighbors," he said, "I must pe koin home now, or else mine goot from veel pat about me. Vell drink vonce more, an' ten I ko."
So saying, he called for some more ale; after drinking which, he settled with the landlord, and took his departure.
"Ever since our 'Fortune-teller' has had an heir, he hates to be away from home," said the host, turning to the two men at the table.
"What makes you call the man who has just left a fortune-teller?" I asked the landlord, in some surprise.
"It is quite a funny story," replied mine host; "and if you like, I'll relate it to you after you've had your supper."
I assured him that it would give me great pleasure; and as my supper was now ready, I fell to, doing ample justice to the savory viands of which it was composed.
After I had satisfied my hunger, I called for a bowl of punch, and inviting the landlord and his two companions to assist, I lit my meerschaum, and settled myself to listen to the promised story, which the landlord told as follows:
In a certain village not a hundred miles from here, there lived a Dutch farmer named Dunderman, whose family consisted of his wife, and only son named Carl, who helped his father work the farm. Carl was an industrious, sober young man, who had reached the age of twenty-one without having once been ten miles away from home; so it is not to be presumed that his knowledge or experience was very extensive.
Carl's invariable custom was to go every evening, as soon as his work was done, and see Katrina Van Klepper, the daughter of a neighbor, as handsome and buxom a lass as ever trod shoe-leather. While he would sit and smoke with the old man, talking about the crops and weather, Katrina would sit demurely by sewing or knitting, as the case might be. Precisely when the clock struck 9, Carl was expected to leave.
But one night, Carl, instead of leaving at 9 as usual, still lingered, much to the surprise of old Van Klepper, who, after waiting a few minutes without seeing any signs of his leaving, asked him why he did not leave, as he wished to shut up.
"Because, neighbor Van Klepper, I want to speak a few words mit you," answered Carl, rather sheepishly.
"Vell, fery goot! putatvhy ton't you pekin den?" returned the worthy, proceeding to fill his pipe.
"Vell, den, neighbor Van Klepper," began Carl, in rather a hesitating manner, "I loves your daughter Katrina, more as nefer vas, an' she loves me doo; an' as mine fader's vurm an' your vurm atjoin, I dinks dat ve petter marry, so dat ven fader an' you tie, de broberly vild say in the vamily!"
"Vell, fery goot, Carl," replied Van Klepper, looking rather blank at being thus

summarily disposed of; "put how mootch monish you got, eh?"
Carl put his hand in his pocket, and drew out an old leather wallet, and proceeded to count its contents.
"I got shust two toller an' sefendeen shents," he replied, carefully putting the money back in his pocket.
"Two toller, you dundering pig vool! How de duvel toes you dink dat you can marry a frow mit only two toller an' sefendeen shents? Ven you kot dree hootret tollars, an' ask you fader may be he kif him do you, den you kin marry mit mine kirl; put not von dundering tay pefore. And now goot night, an' ton't come here no more pefore you kit de monish. Come den, put no sooner!"
Poor Carl had nothing to do but comply, and took his departure with a heavy heart; for how to get so much money was a problem too difficult of solution for him.
The next morning Carl looked as wretched and woe-begone as a broken-down old speculator. On his parents anxiously inquiring as to what ailed him, he related what had taken place between him and neighbor Van Klepper.
"Neighbor Van Klepper is shust right," responded his father, when he had concluded. "And I dinks dat you pe olt enough to ko and make your own vordune. Don't dink dat you kit anyding of me ven I tie, vor I dink dat I vill lif more as hootret years yet. Mine fader kif me noding ven I marriet, and your fader do de same. I kif you dill to-morrow to stay here, and ven you ton't ko den away, I'll kick you away."
The wretched Carl was thunder-struck at the turn affairs had taken; for in spite of his own and mother's remonstrance, his father was inexorable. So with a heavy foreboding heart, he began to make preparations to leave his home, for Heaven only knows where.
Early the next morning, Carl was ready to leave; his father gave him his blessing, while his mother—unknown to his father—gave him three dollars out of her own private savings, besides a loaf of bread and a small jug of buttermilk; and thus fitted out, with a small bundle swung on a stick over his shoulders, he started off with tears in his eyes.
Carl traveled on without meeting an adventure of any kind, till toward noon, when being both tired and hungry, he sat down under a large tree that stood in the roadside before a small cottage, and began an attack on his bread and butter-milk. He had not been there long, however, before he was perceived by the woman of the house, who came out and invited him to partake of dinner there. Carl, nothing loth, accepted her hospitable invitation, and was soon seated before a well-spread table, to the contents of which he paid the most impartial attention.
During the meal, the woman, with the curiosity peculiar to country folks, plied him with all sorts of questions as to where he came from and whether he was going; all of which Carl answered with the greatest good-nature. In return, she gave him an account of all the people living around. Among other things, she told him of a wealthy old miller, named Verplank, who lived about six miles from there; he had married a young and handsome wife, of whom he was very jealous and proud. To make matters worse, a handsome nephew of his came to his house quite often, and took Mrs. Verplank out riding, which brought the poor miller almost to the verge of distraction.
Carl listened to her gossip for a long time with the greatest attention; then, being both refreshed and rested, he thanked the woman for her hospitality, and bade her farewell.
He jogged along for a few miles farther, till he came to a place where a vendue sale was being held. He looked on for a while, and watched the progress of the sale with great interest till his eye was caught by three bee-hives; Carl had never seen a beehive before, and he examined them with great curiosity. Asking a by-stander what they contained, he was informed that they contained bees—that bees made honey and wax—and other scraps of natural history, which Carl heard with the greatest amazement. The bees seemed to strike his fancy, for he stepped up to the auctioneer and asked him what he would charge for a peck of "dem liddle gritters?"
"We don't sell bees by the measure," replied that functionary, laughing, "but only by the hive."
Carl was very sorry, and the auctioneer, seeing his disappointment, told him that he would sell him a few to accommodate. Taking an old candle-box, he shook a number of the bees out of the hive, and shutting up the box, gave it to Carl, charging him three dollars for the same. Carl cheerfully paid the money, and walked off with his prize as happy as a king, amidst the laughter of the crowd.
The shades of evening were beginning to fall when Carl came in sight of Verplank's mill, and the miller was standing in the doorway when he stepped up.
"Goot efening, Mr. Verplank! how toos you do?" said Carl, setting down his box, and accosting the miller.
The miller, whose perception was rather obtuse, surveyed Carl with the most unbounded astonishment.
"How de duvel toes you know dat mine name is Verplank, eh?" he uttered, in a voice of surprise.
"O, I knows eferyding, because I pe a vordune-teller!" returned Carl, coolly.
"Mine pox here dells me eferyding I wants to know!"
"Gome, dat is doo goot! How de duvel can dat pox shbeak anyding, I wants to know?"
"O, ko to de dunder! Tiden't I dell you dat dis is a vordune-deller pox? Shust ask me anyding, and see!"
"Vell, den, dell me vat mine vife's name is, an' vat she is toing shust now—den I

peliefs, an' py dunder, not pefore," said the miller, incredulously.
"De name of your vife is Carlotta, an' shust now she is sharking mit year nevy, Hans Verplank!" cried Carl, triumphantly, removing his hand from the box to which he had applied his ear.
"Dunder, blitzen, an' dousand duvels!" exclaimed the miller, in dismay. "Peelzup is in dat pox, by Cot!"
After recovering somewhat from his astonishment, he asked Carl if he would come with him to his house, adding, as an inducement, that he would give him three dollars and his supper. Carl told him he would, if he would give him lodging for the night also; and the miller complying, he accompanied him to his house.
The miller chuckled with delight as he anticipated the dismay of his wife when she would have her fondest secrets revealed.
After supper, Carl confounded both the miller and his wife by the revelation he made by the pretended aid of the miraculous box; for the woman at whose house he had dined, had posted him pretty well in their affairs.
"I vill kif you von hootret tollars for dat pox!" he exclaimed, thinking what a valuable acquisition it would be to him in aiding to ferret out his wife's secrets.
"No," replied Carl; "I gan't sell dat pox, vor it has been in de family more as hootret years. Mine krait-krant-fader kave it do mine krait-fader on his tying pet, an' mate him shever nefer to bart mit it."
"Vell, den, I kif you two hootret!" he said, fearful of losing such a chance.
Carl reflected a few minutes.
"I dell you vat I vill do," he said, at last; "kif me two hootret an' vifty, an' I sell him to you."
Although sorely against the grain, the miller closed the bargain, much to the displeasure of his wife, who urged him not to make a fool of himself; but this only added fuel to the flame of the miller's desire to possess the box, and he went to his bedroom and brought Carl the money.
"No vonder mine frau ton't vant me to haf dat pox!" he muttered, significantly, as he counted out the money. "Put how vill I understand de pox ven he dalks mit me?" he inquired.
Carl told him to call him up early in the morning, and he would tell him.
At day-break the next morning, the miller awakened Carl, and told him to get right up and show him how to understand the box, for "dat it was dalking like de duvel!" (The bees were buzzing like a circular saw.)
"Vell," said Carl, "first, you must be in a room mit yourself all alone, an' den you make a hot vire; den you lock de toor an' drow de key out de vindow, an' pull your clothes off. Ven dat is tone, smear yourself all ofer mit molasses, open de pox, an' you sint him all out."
So saying, Carl bade the miller good-morning, and took his departure, anxious to place as much distance as possible between himself and that individual.
The poor miller followed Carl's directions to the letter. The catastrophe that followed may be imagined; when he opened the box, the bees, rendered infuriate by being confined so long, attacked him on all sides. The wretched miller bellowing in agony, and danced around the room like an Indian warrior. His wife hearing the uproar, ran to the room, but finding it locked, had to get an axe to break it down; she was terror-stricken at the startling scene that burst on her view; for the yells of the agonized miller were something awful to hear. Running out of the room, she soon returned with a broom, with which she brushed the sweet insects from her lord.
It was fully a week before the poor miller recovered from the effects of the stings he had received. He promised his wife if she never would tell, that he would never be jealous again.
Carl arrived safely at home with his ill-gotten money, and his father was so well pleased at his success, that he gave him the additional fifty dollars, thus enabling him to marry his beloved Katrina, with whom he has lived in the greatest harmony ever since.

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"Colds and Hoarseness lead to death."
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"For Croup—Whooping Coughs, &c."
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[Morning Paper, August 26.]
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Address **"COSTAR,"** 10 Crosby street, N. Y.
Sold in Columbia, S. C., by **E. E. JACKSON.**
April 4 [dec 22] 1y

Bacon and Flour.
20,000 LBS. Prime BACON SIDES, 20,000 BBLs. FLOUR, at \$8 to \$14 per Barrel. For sale by **E. & G. D. HOPE.**

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GUARANTEED correct, at manufacturers' prices and freight, by **FISHER, LOWRANCE & FISHER.**

Drop in at the Carolina House,
ON Washington street, near Main, and sample the compounds dispensed there—genuine liquors; no fuel oil or damaging mixtures. "Seeing is believing," but tasting is the genuine test.
March 28 **R. BARRY, Proprietor.**

The Reynolds Patent Plow.
HAYING made arrangements with Wm. Glaze & Co., for the manufacture and exclusive sale of this justly celebrated PLOW, we are prepared to offer them to the country on good terms. Good tools will always be found a good investment.
Feb 28 **FISHER, LOWRANCE & FISHER.**

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OFFER their services to the public as GENERAL LAND AGENTS. Will buy and sell lands, and other property, on commission. No charges until sales are effected.
JAMES G. GIBBES, JOHN P. THOMAS, WADE HAMPTON GIBBES.
Jan 19

The Pollock House.
THIS first class RESTAURANT is located on Main street, a few doors from Washington. Is furnished with the best of WINES, LIQUORS, LAGER, etc. OYSTERS and GAME, in season. Comfortable rooms attached for private Dinner and Supper parties. A handsomely fitted up BILLIARD ROOM in the second story, with Sharpe's improved tables.
Jan 14 **T. M. POLLOCK, Proprietor.**

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Authorized Capital—\$500,000.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.
Deposits of \$1 and Upwards Received.
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OFFICERS:
GEN. WADE HAMPTON, President.
COL. J. B. PALMER, Vice-President.
THOMAS E. GREGG, Cashier.
J. C. B. SMITH, Assistant Cashier.
Persons at a distance may send money by Express.

Butter and Cheese
10 TUBS Choice GOSHEN BUTTER, 20 Boxes Prime CHEESE.
Just received by steamer and for sale by **April 27 J. & T. R. AGNEW.**

Corn, Bacon and Flour.
2,000 BUSHELS CORN, 20,000 POUNDS BACON, BBLs. FLOUR, And other goods as LOW as they CAN BE BOUGHT, by **April 3 FISHER, LOWRANCE & FISHER.**

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20 GEO'S Wine Bottles, for sale by **E. & G. D. HOPE.**
Feb 14

THE GREAT THROUGH ROUTE,
CARRYING THE
United States Mail and Adams Express.
FOR THE NORTH.

NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD in direct line to Petersburg, Richmond, Portsmouth, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.
ALSO,
To the North-west and West, via Raleigh, Charlotte, Columbia and Bay Line. This is a safe and expeditious route for Through travel.
Through Tickets sold at:
New Orleans, Charleston, Richmond, Mobile, Montgomery, Columbia, Portsmouth, Macon, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Charlotte, Augusta, Petersburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Atlanta, New York, Greensboro, Louisville, Raleigh, Salisbury, and Good on this Route. St. Louis, The North Carolina Railroad connects with the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, Richmond and Danville Railroad, Western North Carolina Railroad, Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad.
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ELEGANT COACHES
AND PALACE SLEEPING CARS
Attached. Good water; no ferry nor trestle-works, and the entire management of the Road so as to secure a Safe, Agreeable and Quick travel.
ALBERT JOHNSON, Superintendent.
April 30 4mo

THE CENTRAL SHORT LINE.
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
CHARLOTTE AND S. C. AND A. R. R.,
COLUMBIA, S. C., April 10, 1869.
THE following is the Schedule over the NEW SHORT LINE. Connections sure to all points North, South or West.
Going North. Arrive. 4.45 p.m.
Leave. 8.50 a.m.
Augusta. 4.45 p.m.
Leave. 8.50 a.m.
Columbia. 12.10 p.m.
Leave. 8.50 a.m.
Charlotte. 5.45 a.m.
Leave. 8.50 a.m.
Greensboro. 12.15 a.m.
Leave. 8.50 a.m.
Richmond. 2.45 p.m.
Leave. 8.50 a.m.
Washington. 7.00 a.m.
Leave. 8.50 a.m.
Baltimore. 5.08 a.m.
Leave. 8.50 a.m.
Philadelphia. 12.50 a.m.
Leave. 8.50 a.m.
New York. 9.20 p.m.
Arrive. 6.19 a.m.
Making close connections at Charlotte to all points North and East, and at Augusta to all points South and West. Baggage checked through. Fare as low as by competing lines.
To insure SPEED, SAFETY and COMFORT, be sure and ask for Tickets via Columbia and Graniteville. First-class Eating Houses along the entire Route.
Tickets by this route are OPTIONAL—either via Danville and Richmond, Weldon and Richmond, or Weldon and Old Bay Line—good until used.
For Tickets to all principal points North, South or West, apply at Ticket Office, foot Blanding street, or for other information to
C. BOUKNIGHT, Superintendent.
Or, E. R. DUNSEY, General Freight and Ticket Agent.
April 11

South Carolina Railroad Company,
GENERAL SUPT'S OFFICE, April 9, 1869.
THE following Schedule for Passenger Trains will be observed from this date:
DAY PASSENGER TRAIN.
Leaving Columbia at..... 7.45 a.m.
Arriving at Columbia at..... 6.10 p.m.
NIGHT EXPRESS TRAIN.
Leaving Columbia at..... 5.50 p.m.
Arriving at Columbia at..... 4.45 a.m.
CAMDEN TRAIN.
Will run on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Arriving in Columbia at..... 11.00 a.m.
Leaving Columbia at..... 2.20 p.m.
April 10 **H. T. PEARE, General Supt.**

Charlotte and South Carolina and Columbia and Augusta Railroad Companies.
SUPT'S OFFICE, COLUMBIA, April 10, 1869.
PASSENGER TRAINS will run as follows:
GOING NORTH.
Leave Graniteville, at..... 9.45 a.m.
" Columbia, S. C., at..... 2.00 p.m.
Arrive at Charlotte, N. C., at..... 8.15 p.m.
GOING SOUTH.
Leave Charlotte, N. C., at..... 5.45 a.m.
" Columbia, S. C., at..... 12.10 p.m.
Arrive at Graniteville, S. C., at..... 4.10 p.m.
Through Tickets on sale for all principal points North and South. Baggage checked through. Close and continuous connections made North and South. Passengers reach Augusta at 4.45 p.m.
April 11 **CALEB BOUKNIGHT, Superint.**

Greenville and Columbia Railroad.
PASSENGER Trains run daily, Sunday excepted, connecting with Night Train on Charleston Railroad: Leave Columbia 7.00 a.m. Live Greenville 6.00 a.m.
" Alston 8.55 " " Anderson 6.45 " " Newberry 10.35 " " Abbeville 8.45 " Arr Abbeville 3.30 p.m. " Newberry 1.25 p.m. " Anderson 5.15 " " Alston 3.00 " " Greenville 6.00 " Arr Columbia 5.00 p.m.
Trains on Blue Ridge Railroad run as follows: Live Anderson 5.20 p.m. Live Wallhalla 4.00 a.m. " Pendleton 6.20 " " Pendleton 5.40 " Arr Wallhalla 8.00 " Arr Anderson 6.40 " The train will return from Belton to Anderson on Monday and Friday mornings.
JAMES O. MEREDITH, General Supt.

Laurens Railroad—New Schedule.
MAIL Trains on this Road run to return on same day, to connect with up and down Trains on Greenville and Columbia Railroad, at Helena; leaving Laurens at 5 A. M., on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, and leaving Helena at 1.30 P. M. same days.
July 9 **J. S. HOWERS, Superintendent**

Office North Carolina Railroad Co.,
THE following is the Schedule for Passenger Trains over this road:
Leave Charlotte, 11.35 p.m. Arrive, 11.85 p.m.
" Greensboro, 6.05 a.m. and 7.17 p.m.
" Raleigh, 9.41 a.m. and 3.20 p.m.
Arrive Goldsboro, 12.25 p.m. Leave, 12.30 p.m.
Through Passengers by this line have choice of routes via Greensboro and Danville to Richmond, or via Raleigh and Weldon to Richmond or Portsmouth; arriving at all points North of Richmond at the same time by either route. Connection is made at Goldsboro with Passenger Trains on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad to and from Wilmington, and Freight Train to Weldon. Also to Newbern, on A. & N. C. Road.

Spartanburg and Union Railroad.
PASSENGER Trains leave Spartanburg Court House Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 A. M., and arrive at Alston 1.20 P. M., connecting with the Greenville Down Train and trains for Charlotte and Charleston.
On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, the Up Passenger Trains, connecting with the Greenville Up Trains, leave Alston 9 A. M. and arrive Spartanburg Court House 3.20 P. M. as follows:
Train.
Miles. Arrive. Leave. Arrive. Leave.
Spartanburg..... 0 7.00 3.20
Pacolet..... 10 7.45 7.48 2.32 2.35
Jonesville..... 19 8.25 8.30 1.50 1.55
Unionville..... 28 9.15 9.20 1.40 1.05
Santee..... 37 10.16 10.21 12.03 12.08
Shelton..... 48 11.10 11.12 11.06 11.08
Lyles Ford..... 52 11.56 11.58 10.39 10.42
Strother..... 56 12.02 12.05 10.12 10.15
Alston..... 68 1.20
Jan 7 **THOS. B. JETER, President.**